AT THE TABERNACLA

DR. TALMAGE ON THE NEED OF INCREASED CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

Fishermen Were Chosen Because They Were Brave and Hardy-The Boundless Sea of God's Word-Do Not Hug the Shore, but Sail Out Boldly.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 2.—Since his return from Europe Dr. Talmage has faced audiences unusually large and enthusiastic, who are attracted to the Tabernacle no less by the potent elog sence of the preacher than through a desire to hear from his own lips the message of thanks intrusted to him by the czar to the contributors of The Christian Herald famine cargo, which he and Mr. Klopsch conveyed to Russia in the steamer Leo. It is understood that Dr. Talmage has in preparation a full account of the mission to Russia, as well of his own preaching tour to Germany, England. Scotland and Ireland. The text this morning was taken from Luke v, 4. "Launch out into the deep."

Christ, starting on the campaign of the world's conquest, was selecting his staff officers. There were plenty of students with high foreheads, and white hands, and intellectual faces, and refined tastes in Rome and in Jerusalem. Christ might have called into the apostleship twelve bookworms, or twelve rhetoricians, or twelve artists. Instead he takes a group of men who had never made a speech; never taken a lesson in belles-lettres; never been sick enough to make them look delicate -their hands broad, clumsy and hard knuckled. He chose fishermen, among other reasons, I think, because they were physically hardy. Rowing makes strong arms and stout chests. Much climbing of ratlines makes one's head steady. A Gali lee tempest wrestled men into gymnasts.

The opening work of the church was rough work. Christ did not want twelve invalids hanging about him, complaining all the time how badly they felt. He leaves the delicate students at Jerusalem and Rome for their mothers and aunts to take care of, and goes down to the seashore and out of the toughest material makes an apostleship. The ministry need more cor poreal vigor than any other class. Fine minds and good intentions are important, but there must be physical force to back them. The intellectual mill wheel may be well built and the grist good, but there must be enough blood in the mill race to turn the one and to grind the other.

THE APOSTOLICAL FISHERMAN. He chose fishermen also because they were used to hard knocks. The man who cannot stand assault is not fit for the min istry. It always has been and always will be rough work, and the man who, at every censure or caricature, sits down to cry had better be at some other work. It is no place for ecclesiastical doll babies. A man who cannot preach because he has for gotten his manuscript or lost his spec acles ought not to preach at all. Heaven deliver the church from a ministry that preach in kid gloves and from sermons in black morocco covers! These fishermen were rough and ready. They had been in the severest of all colleges.

When they were knocked over by the main boom of the ship they entered the Sophomore, when washed off by a great wave they entered the Junior; when floating for two days without food or drink on a plank they came to the Senior, and when at last their ship dashed on the beach in a midnight hurricane they graduated with the first honor.

My text finds Jesus on shipboard with one of these bronzed men-Simon by name. This fishermap had been sweeping his net in shoal water. "Push out," says Christ What is the use of hugging the shore in this boat? Here is a lake twelve miles long and six wide, and it is all populated -just waiting for the sweep of your net. Launch out it into the deep.

The advice that my Lord gave to Simon is as appropriate for us all in a spiritual sense. The fact is that most of us are just paddling along the shore. We are afraid to venture out into the great deeps of God and Christian experience. We think that the boat will be upset, or that we cannot "clew down the mizzen topsail," and our cowardice makes us poor fishermen. I think I hear the voice of Christ command ing us, as he did Simon on that day when bright Galilee, set in among the green hills of Palestine, like water flashing in an emerald cup, "Launch out into the deep."

DEEP STUDY OF THE BIBLE. This divine counsel comes first to all those who are paddling in the margin of Bible research. My father read the Bible through three times after he was eighty years of age, and without spectacles-not for the mere purpose of saying he had been through it so often, but for his eternal profit. John Colby, the brother-in-law of Daniel Webster, learned to read after be was eighty-four years of age, in order that he might become acquainted with the Scriptures. There is no book in the world that demands so much of our attention as the Bible. Yet nine-tenths of our Chris tian men get no more than ankle deep They think it is a good sign not to venture too far. They never ask how or why, and if they see some Christian becoming in quisitive about the deep things of God they say, "Be careful; you had better not go out so far from shore."

My answer is: The farther you go from shore the better, if you have the right kind of ship. If you have mere worldly phi iosophy for the hulk and pride for a sail and self conceit for the helm, the first squall will destroy you. But if you take the Bible for your craft the farther you go the better, and after you have gone ten thousand furlongs Christ will still com mand, "Launch out into the deep." some such question as, "Who is God?" and go on for ten years asking it. Ask it at the gate of every parable; amid the excitement of every miracle; by the solitariness of every patriarchal thrashing floor. amid the white faces of Sennacherib's slain turned up into the moonlight; amid the flying chariots of the Golden City.

Ask who Jesus is, and keep on asking it of every Bible lily, of every raven, of every star, of every crazed brain cured, of every blind man come to sunlight, of every cold in a fish's mouth, of every loaf that got to be five loaves, of every wrathful sea pacified, of every pulseless arm stretched forth in gratulation; ask it of his mother, of Augustus, of Herod, of the Syrophomician woman, of the damsel that woke up from the death sleep, of Joseph who had him ouried, of the angel posted as sentinel at his tomb, of the dumb earth that shock

and groaned and thundered when he died. A missionary in France offered a Bible in an humble dwelling. The man took it, tore out a dozen pages, and with them began to light his pipe. Some years after the missionary happened in the same house. The family had just lost their son in the Crimean war, and his Bible had been sent home. The missionary took it up and savthat it was the very same Bible that he

leaves had been torn. The dying solar had written on one of the leaves of the Bible, "Rejected and scoffed at, but final believed in and saved." The Bible may be used to light the pipe of witticism by some but for us it is a staff in life, a pillow it death and our joy for eternity.

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE FOUNTAIN. Walk up and down this Bible domain. Try every path. Plunge in at the prophecies and come out at the epistles, with the patriarchs until you meet the evangelists. Rummage and ransack, as children who are not satisfied when they come to a new house until they know what is in every room and into what every door opens. Open every jewel casket. Examine the skylights. Forever be asking questions. Put to a higher use than was intended the oriental proverb, "Hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when heaven

is raining gold." Passing from Bonn to Coblentz on the Rhine the scenery is comparatively tame. But from Coblentz to Mayence it is en chanting. You sit on deck and feel as if this last flash of beauty must exhaust the scene; but in a moment there is a turn of the river which covers up the former view more luxuriant vineyards, and more defiant castles, and bolder bluffs, vine wreathed, and grapes so ripe that if the hills be touched they would bleed their rich life away into the bowla of Bingen and Hockheimer. Here and there there are streams of water melting into the river, like smaller joys swallowed in the bosom of a great gladness.

And when night begins to throw its black mantle over the shoulder of the hills, and you are approaching disembarkation at Mayence, the lights along the shore fairly bewitch the scene with their beauty, giving one a thrill that he feels but once, yet that lasts him forever. So this river of God's Word is not a straight stream, but a winding splendor-at every turn new wonders to attract, still riper vintage pressing to the brink, and crowded with castles of strength (Stolzenfels and Johannisberger as nothing compared with the strong tower into which the righteous run and are saved), and our disembarka tion at last, in the evening, amid the lights that gleam from the shore of beaven. The trouble is that the vast ma-jority of Bible voyages stop at Coblentz. where the chief glories begin.

The sea of God's Word is not like Gennesaret, twelve miles by six, but boundless, and in one direction you can sail on forever. Why then confine yourself to a short psalm or to a few verses of the epistle? The largest fish are not near the shore. Hoist all sail to the winds of heaven. Take hold of both oars and pull away. Be like some of the whalers that went out from New Bedford or Portsmouth to be gone for two or three years. Yea, calculate on a lifetime voyage. You do not want to land until you land in heaven. Sail away, O ye mariners, for eternity! Launch out into the deep!

The text is appropriate to all Christians of shallow experience. Doubts and fears bave in our day been almost elected to the parliament of Christian graces. Some consider it a bad sign not to lave any doubts. Doubts and fears are not signs of health, but festers and carbuncles. You have a valuable house or farm. It is suggested that the title is not good. You employ counsel. You have the deeds examined. You search the record for mortgages, judgments and liens. You are not satisfied until you have a certificate, signed by the great seal of the state, assuring you that the title is good. Yet how many leave their title to heaven an undecided matter! Why do you not go to the records and find out? Give yourself no rest, day or night. until you can read your title clear to man-

NEED OF CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT. Christian character is to come up to higher standards. We have now to hunt through our library to find one Robert M'Cheyne, or one Edward Payson, or one Harlan Page. The time will come when we will find half a dozen of them sitting in the same seat with us. The grace of God can make a great deal better men than those I have mentioned. Christians seem afraid they will get heterodox by going too far. They do not believe in Christian perfection. There is no danger of your being perfect for some time yet. I will keep watch, and give you notice in time if you get too near perfection for the safety of your theology.

One-half of you Christians are simply stuck in the mud. Why not cut loose from everything but God? Give not to him that formal petition made up of "O's"-"O Lord" this and "O Lord" that. When people are cold and have nothing to say to God they strew their prayers with "O's" and "Forever and ever, Amen," and things to fill up. Tell God what you want with the feeling that he is ready to give it, and believe that you will receive, and you shall have it. Shed that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high time that you outgrew it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers, and your old hats, and your old shoes. Take a review of your present wants, of your present sins and of your present blessings. sharp blade cut away your past half and half Christian life, and with new determiaation, and new plans, and new expects tions launch out into the deep.

The text is appropriate to all who are engaged in Christian work. The church of God has been fishing along the shore. We set our net in a good, calm place and in sight of a fine chapel, and we go down every Sunday to see if the fish have been wise enough to come into our net. We might learn something from that boy with his hook and line. He throws his line from the bridge-no fish. He sits down on a log-no fish. He stands in the sunlight and casts the line, but no fish. He goes up by the mill dam and stands behind the bank, where the fish cannot see him, and he has hardly dropped the book before the cork goes under. The fish come to him as

fast as he can throw them ashore. In other words, in our Christian work why do we not go where the fish are? It is not so easy to catch souls in church, for they know that we are trying to take them. If you can throw your line out into the world where they are not expecting you, they will be captured. Is it fair to take men by such stratagem? Yes. I would like to cheat five thousand souls into the kingdom.

CHRISTIANS MUST WORK. The whole poil y of the church of God is to be changed. Instead of chiefly looking after the few who have become Christians our chief efforts will be for those outside. If after a man is converted he cannot take care of himself I am not going to take care of him. If he thinks that I am going to stand and pat him on the back, and feed him out of an elegant spoon, and watch him so that he does not get into a draft of worldliness, he is much mistaken. We have in our churches a great mass of helpless, inane professors, who are doing noth ing for themselves or for others, who want us to stop and nurse them. They are so troubled with doubt as to whether they are Christians or not. The doubt is set tied. They are not Christians. The to . had left in the house, and from which the we can do with these fish is to throw them public.

back into the stream and go after them again with the Gospel net.

"Go into all the world and preach the Gospel," says Christ-into the factory, the engine house, the clubroom, into the houses of the sick; into the dark lane; into the damp cellar; into the cold garret; into the dismal prison. Let every man, woman and child know that Jesus diec, and that the gate of heaven is wide open. With the Bible in one pocket, and the bymn book in another pocket, and a loaf of bread under your arm, launch out into the great deep of this world's wretchedness.

The text is appropriate to all the unforgiven. Every sinner would come to God if he thought that he might come just as he is. People talk as though the pardon of God were a narrow river, like the Kennebec or the Thames, and that their sin draws too much water to enter it. No; it is not a river nor a bay, but a sea. I should like to persuade you to launch out into the great deep of God's mercy. I am a merchant. I have bought a cargo of spices in India. I have, through a bill of exchange, paid for the whole cargo. You are a ship captain. I give you the orders and say, "Bring me those spices." You land in India. You go to the trader and say, "Here are the orders," and you find everything all right. You do not stop to pay the money yourself. It is not your business to pay it. The arrangements were made before you started. So Christ purchases your pardon. He puts the papers promises into your hand. wise to stop and say, "I cannot pay for my redemption?" God does not ask you to Relying on what has been done, launch out into the deep.

THE BIBLE GIVES COURAGE. The Bible's promises join hands, and the circle they make will compass all your sins, and all your temptations, and all your sorrows. The round table of King Arthur and his knights had room for only thirteen banqueters, but the round table of God's supply is large enough for all the present inhabitants of earth and heaven to sit at, and for the still mightier populations that are yet to be,

Do not sail coastwise along your old habits and old sins. Keep clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. Oh, for the mid sea of God's mercy! it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins," I preach it with as much confidence to the eighty-year-old transgressor as to the maiden. Though your sins were blood red they shall be snow white. The more ragged the prodigal, the more compassionate the father. Do you say that you are too bad? The high water mark of God's pardon is higher

than all your transgressions. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do you say that your heart is hard? Suppose it were ten times harder. Do you say that your iniquity is long continued? Sup pose it were ten times longer. Do you say that your crimes are black? Suppose that they were ten times blacker. Is there any lion that this Samson cannot slay? Is there any fortress that this Conqueror cannot take? Is there any sin this Redeemer cannot pardon?

It is said that when Charlemange's host was overpowered by the three armies of the Saracens in the pass of Roncesvalles, his warrior, Roland, in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army reeled back with terror, but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightier trumpet of the Gospel to my lips and I blow it three times. Blast the first-"Whosoever will, let him come." Blast the second-"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." Blast the third-"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salva-

Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two. As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children and tell them to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God-a sympathetic God-a loving God-and that more to him than the anthems of heaven; more to him than the throne on which be sits; more to him than are the temples of celestial worship is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door latch of his father's house. Hear it, all ye nations! Bread for the worst hunger. Medicine for the worst sickness. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor for the

worst storm.
A WONDERFUL TOMB. Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful in-terest entitled "Around the World," describes a tomb in India of marvelous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing in that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hearthe echo coming from a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is row along one of the walks wrong side up. not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing. How many souls in the tomb of sin will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God the echo would drop from afar-not struck from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum. but sounding back from the warm hear! of angels, flying with the news, for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner than repenteth!

A Hardworking King.

A newspaper writer, speaking of the king of Italy, says that Humbert is a tireless worker, and then gives the following as the daily routine of that monarch; "When at Rome," says the writer, "he rises very often before 6 and sets to work in his cabinet. At 7 he eats a light breakfast, and then until 9 busies himself with his correspondence. This duty accomplished. he makes such calls as the day's demands require, lunches at I and later receives his ministers and such others as may have claims on him. In the afternoon he drives out and sometimes goes to the races. He dines at 7, and this meal, at which the king is present to entertain his guests and not to eat, generally lasts until half past 9. At 10 the king as a rule goes to the opera, where he remains for an hour. At 11 he goes back to his cabinet, and until t, when be retires, is busy with his afternoon correspondence."-Harper's Young People.

The Alphabet in Single Sentences. Here are some sentences containing the entire alphabet:

J. Gray-Pack my box with five do en Z. Badger-Thy vixen jumps quick at

fowl. The educated half breed hunter, after he had fired all gave his last arrow into a herd of wild cattle without effect, er ed out: Quick! Glad zephyr, waft my javelin to

The first contains thirty three letters. the two last thirty two each. If you notree closely you will see that the last sentence lacks a "b," a fact which seems to have been entirely overlooked by Profes-Morrison, its author. St. Louis Re

CHIPPER CHESTNUTS.

Lieutenant (at a fancy ball, to his part ner)-Allow me, Miss X-, to admit-your charming little feet! Really, w. at a pity-aw-you haven't four of them! Blumenlese.

Judge Stuffy-Have you any visible means of support? Dusty Rhodes-Ye es; I am a professional searcher for work.-New York Herald.

"I hadn't heard that you'd been ill Smithson," "Have though; been pretty close to death's door," "Is that so?" "Yes; Smithson." two doctors in the house at the same time. -Life.

A St. Johnsbury schoolboy being asked what a stalactite was, replied, "A stalactite is where the water leaks through and sticks on."-St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Caledo pian.

For months she just doted on cream, And nothing so much rejoiced her: But you find now her fondest dream Is centered around the oyster. -New York Evening Sun

He-You don't love me as you did be fore we were married, I don't believe. She -Of course I don't, John. You wouldn't expect a woman to love a married man as she could a bachelor, would you?-Detroit Free Press.

A sufferer from a severe cough says that his complaint has one of the modern improvements-a pneumatic tire.-Lowell Courier.

She-It was right here that I accepted you, John. Had you forgotten? He-My dear, there are some things I can neither forget nor forgive,-Black and White.

Lucie-Ned made a ringing speech last night, mommer. Mommer — Um — um? Lucie—Yes. He asked me to be his wife,— Jewelers' Circular.

A Great "Honor."

In the years of his highest reputation Daniel Webster was favored with a degree of personal adulation and "toadying" hich was not altogether agreeable to him.

It is related that on one occasion, when a public reception was given to him at a otel in Boston, a particularly obsequious old office seeker was introduced. The man flattered Webster and ground his own ax. bowing and scraping until the great man was tired of him, and bidding him good day, settled down heavily into the nearest chair.

But the man, instead of passing on and giving a chance to the next comer, lingered near and seemed to have something still on his mind, though he looked very blissful. Webster observed this and said, not very good naturedly:

'May I ask you, sir, if you want any thing more of me?" "Oh-oh, no!" said the man smirking: "only perhaps I may be permitted to remark that I am proud to say that my hat is having the inestimable honor to occupy the same chair with Daniel Webster!" Webster had, as a matter of fact, sat down on the man's tall beaver hat and crushed it out of shape,-Youth's Companion.

What He Knew.

In a seaport town a general and an admiral were neighbors. The general's house was fronted by a grass plot, on which he claimed the right to pasture a cow. One day his wife complained that the supply of milk was falling short. The sentinel ac counted for the deficiency by saying that the pasture had lately been much trodden down by the public. Thereupon the mar tial despot gave orders that no (human or other) animal except the cow should be allowed on the grass plot, and added-men were not particular in those days-that if this rule was infringed the sentinel should be flogged. Soon afterward the admiral's wife, having a pressing engagement, took a short cut over the grass in disregard of the sentinel's repeated order to stand back. "Common soldier," said the offended lady. "don't you know who I am?" "All I know is that you're not the general's cow!"-Argonaut.

Her Great Love.

Briggs-How is Peterkin getting along with his wife? She seemed rather a high spirited girl.

Griggs-Nothing could be smoother. I tell you, old man, it's a case of genuine love. That girl just worships him Briggs-What makes you think so?

Griggs-Why, they have been married six months, and he told me confidentially the other day that she still continued to put his studs in his dress shirt.-Clothier and Furnisher.

Wasn't Mad.

A visitor to Lancaster asylum a short time since encountered one of the lunatics (who doubtless had been told off for work some description) pushing a wheelbar The visitor inquired why he reversed the order of things in that fashion. "Why, you stupid, do you think I'm

mad?" was the lunatic's reply. turned the right side up they'd be putting something into it."-Tit-Bits.

A Criticism.

It must have been a relative of Mrs. Partington's who visited a waxwork exhibition some weeks ago, and who remarked, when she saw the waxen effigy of the dead Napoleon lying in state, "Ain't it wonderful? You'd almost think he was alive. I declare I don't see how they manage to get that lifelike waxiness of death."-Harper's Magazine.

Life in the Suburbs. Mr. Suburb-Haven't you a dog to pro-

tect your house from tramps? Mr. Lawnmo-Yes. "Then why do you walk around every night with a gun?"

"Oh, I'm not protecting the house. I'm only protecting the dog."-New York Weekly.

Au Optical Illusion.



Trainer (helping his man, who finished last, dismount after the race - What's the matter with you, anyway; why'd you slow up so blamed much at the three quarter

Racing Man-I didn't slow up - the others spuried - Wheel.

She Was Doing Her Share. The young physician was tired when he

returned from his evening's calls, but as he settled back in his easy chair and his pretty wife of only a month or two took a seat beside him he asked affectionately: "And has my little wife been lonely?"

"Oh, no," she said animatedly; "at least not very. I've found something to busy myself with."

"Indeed!" he said. "What he it?" "Oh, I'm organizing a class. A lot of young girls and married women are in it, and we're exchanging experiences and teaching each other how to cook."

"What do you do with the things you cook," he asked interestedly. "Oh, we send them to the neighbors just to show what we can do. There's one

boarding house gets most of it. It's lots of fun." "Dear little woman," he said, leaning over and kissing her. "Always thoughtful of your husband's practice. Always

Anxious to extend it."-Detroit Free Press. The Consulations of Matrimony.



She-I suppose you would have been happier if you had not married me? He-Yes, darling, but I wouldn't have

Stories of Lord Tollemache.

After landing on the south coast of England, Lord Tollemache put his wife and children in a cab and himself walked to the station. Stopping suddenly before a barber's shop, he said to the shopman: "I like the look of that wig in the window. How long would it take to shave my

"A quarter of an hour, sir." "I can give you twenty minutes, and I shall then have five minutes to catch the When he joined his wife and children he had the wig on. This story I had from my father's own lips; the other came to me less directly, but I have no reason to doubt it. My grandmother— Lady Elizabeth Tollemache—had a house in London, and another Lady Elizabeth lived in the next house, which was exactly like it. My father, calling accidentally at the wrong door, asked the servant, Lady Elizabeth at home?"

Her ladyship receives nobody, sir; she is ill in bed. "Stuff and nonsense! She is my mother."

And rushing past the astonished footman he ran up stairs to what he supposed to be his mother's bedroom. - Spectator. The Inspiration of a Famous Line.

The Drawer has very little sympathy, as rule, with those who make light of the thoughts of great poets, but once in awhile there comes a time when such perversions are quite excusable. One of these times occurred recently, and the result will not prove unpopular with those who have suffered from the irregularities of Bridget or the idiosyncrasics of Two men stated on a hotel veranda were looking at the moon and quoting poetry, when one of them said impressively: Man may work from sun to sun,

But woman's work is never done. The other turned his back upon the moon at once, and breaking away from the sentimentality of the moment ejaculated to his wife, sitting at his side: "Gad! The poet that wrote that must have had a hired girl like ours!"-Harper's

Magazine. Ready for an Emergency. Young Tutter (nervously)-I hope, Miss coints in Kansas. Clara, your young brother won't touch my

new silk hat in the hall. I hear him playing there. Miss Pinkerly-Would you like to have

me speak to him about it? Tutter-Yes; I wish you would Miss Pinkerly-Willie, bring Mr. Tut ter's hat into the parior and put it down

moment.-Clothier and Furnisher. Why He Came Early.

Mother (sitting down just as the train starts)-Oh, would you mind changing seats with me, sir? My baby wants to look out of the window. Mr. Haven Hartford (with sarcastic

by his chair, where he can reach it at any

politeness)-With pleasure, madam. I have been saving this seat for him for half an hour.-Life. Hard on the Dogs.

First Dog-We'll be tied up every Thursday and Saturday nights now Second Dog-What's up? First Dog-That new dude that comes to see Miss Susie has money.-New York Weekly.

Not Enthusiastic. Charlie-May I announce our engagement at once? Clara-Not yet. Perhaps both of us may

be able to do better. - New York Herald Reflections on Poesy. When the snow falls in the winter; When it falls upon the mountain.

On the meadows, in the valleys, Soft and white and rather pretty, Then the poet sings the praises Of the Frost King, with his mantle Made of ermine, very royal. When the spring comes and the weather Makes the mantle somewhat dingy. Quite maitese and not so pretty. Then the bard begins another Song of nature light and airy. With a soft refrain of verdure And the breaking of the shackles That the Frost King forged and welded-That which used to be the mantle. In the summer he is full of Gu-h about the blooming daisies At some other things and nothings - h would take a mighty volume Just to mention in their order Then in autumn he becomes a Devotee of smiling Ceres. Dedicates his pen to singing.

His new fountain pen to singing Songs of bursting bins and barvests; Makes the corn grow on the marshland And some other things as doubtful. For your poet is a dandy. Facts have never yet disturbed him: Nothing scares him; nothing stops him; He is there at any angle; Till his tak runs out he'll go it Up one side and down the other Neither thes nor brakes are on him; He's a cyclone, that's what he is, And he doesn't care who knows it.

Detroit Tribune.

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